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The *DEVIL* Repriev'd

FROM

The JAWS of DEATH

and ——, *&c. &c. &c.*

An Heroic

TALE.

AFTER

The Manner of *Machieval's Belphegor.*

When at H—ll *they ſhall aſk, who it is that is come?*
O ho! quoth Old Nick, *'tis my* Colonel TOM.
Shakeſpear parodied.

LONDON:

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THE

DEVIL Repriev'd, &c.

Strange Uproars ſhook the Regions all below,
The Fiends diſturb'd ran wildly to and fro;
And ecchoing thro' hollow Caverns, met
The different Sounds of Pleaſure and Regret.
One with a wretched Voice his Weezen ſtrains,
And fears and dreads ſtill worſe impending pains;
By inſtinct knowing that ſome Ghoſt was near,
Who'd fill e'en H—ll itſelf with ſhame and fear.
Another triumphs in the growing Evil;
Says he, on Earth to me he was moſt civil,
And if his Nature be not wholly chang'd,
Or he from former Friends too much eſtrang'd;

I carried Informations to Him then,
And hope in the ſame ſtate to ſerve ag'en;
For ſurely here his pow'r muſt be increaſt,
And he'll be *Lord Chief Juſtice* made at leaſt;
For my part, let mankind ſay what they will,
I'll praiſe him as my benefactor ſtill.

This bold avowal all the Fiends enrag'd,
Which but by *Plato*'s preſence was aſſwag'd;
For from his Cell an angry ſpectre ſtalks,
Wild in his motions, and like *Rhodes* he walks,
He brandiſhes his ſnakes above his head,
And thus the poor Informer doth upbraid.
Think'ſt thou becauſe on earth he ſtood thy friend
That here his goodneſs will to thee extend?
No, vain are all ſuch tho'ts, like me you'll prove,
How much you may depend on courtiers love.
I too was at his beck, in t'other World,
For which I'm to perdition headlong hurl'd,
Fool that I was to truſt a T—f I knew,
Or think that J——ces can e'er ſpeak true?
Caught in the ſnare by which I others took,
At this laſt plunge my *Devil* me forſook;
Egg'd on by hopes, I quite defy'd all face,
And found my error when it was too late;
Nor dreaded I the halter, 'till I ſaw
'Twas wrong to truſt to, or contend with law.

If

If our great Men no better will protect
R—gues of their own, what ſlaves can they expect
Will do their drudgery and riſque their lives?
Muſt we be hang'd while *Sneaſ R——e* thrives?
If to theſe Regions my Grand Foe ſhall come,
I aſk no milder fate, be this my doom;
May I the fuel for his S——l prepare;
Where'er he goes may I attend him there;
Plague him with hopes to plunge him in more pain
And all he did to me act o'er again;
Still 'fore his face a gallows would I paint,
And tho' a Devil, flatter him with Saint:
In a long ſcroll his various Crimes repeat,
And plainly paint the Fate he ought to meet.
But vain are all my threats; as yet mankind
I doubt will not their wiſh'd deliv'rance find.
The wretched Poor, who ſtrive and toil for bread,
Stand ſighing, and his ſad recov'ry dread;
All more impatiently his Exit wait,
Than unpaid Tradeſmen at his L——p's gate.
One whiſpers, *not Him, is he not yet gone?*
No, cries the next, *but Heaven ſend it ſoon.*
We only here his preſence wiſh and want,
Which all the living wou'd moſt gladly grant;
And ſhou'd he come, I fear our ſtate's decline,
To Him our preſent Emp'ror muſt reſign;
For tho' whilſt living he's a drudge and tool,
He'll certainly in H—ll contend for Rule;

And

And if he once exert his skill and parts,
Or plays o'er any of his former arts,
We're all undone, beyond the pow'r of curing,
Nor would our higheſt poſt be worth enduring.

To hear the conteſt, Fiends around 'em throng'd
Some who had formerly to him belong'd;
Others who by his means were thither ſent,
And ſome who in his ſervice boldly went;
Each forward preſt, his ſtory to relate,
All fond to cavil, cenſure, and debate.
Amongſt the reſt, a Wretch came limping in,
Who formerly his Worſhip's Tool had been,
Who labour'd hard to ſtir up feuds and ſtrife,
Could bring clear off, or ſwear away a life.
Firſt by the *Gin Act*'s help he got Five Pound,
By means of which his firſt good cloaths he found;
But was ſo bad, and ſo excell'd in Lies,
He was too wicked e'en for the *Exciſe*:
But tho' his place, he'd not his cunning loſt,
And ſo fell foul upon the *Farthing Poſt*.
He was a *Frenchman's* baſtard, fair and civil,
Which recommended him unto the *Devil*;
Nay more, his mother *Iriſh* was we find,
No wonder then, for *Cat will after Kind!*
With ſhambling Gate this horrid ſpectre ſteers,
To where the *Convocation*, prick their ears;

(The

(The *Convocation!* not on earth I mean,
Preſided over by a rev'rend dean,
But this a minor ſort of Fiends and Tools
From *S--dw--ll*, *Weſ——r* and *B—w ſ—s* ſchools)
No ſooner had he join'd the rabble rout,
But thus his voice in harſh loud terms broke out.
Silence, ye blockheads all, and hear me ſpeak;
If once the *Devil* dies, our friends muſt break;
No conſtable will dare to walk his round,
No drunken watchmen muſt be ſleeping found;
Our Informations all will fail, and then
We Th—ves can never paſs for honeſt men;
But ſtript of lace, and ev'ry borrow'd feather,
We muſt to our old trade, and hang together.
The world might all grow quiet, and ſhake hands,
Did not our M——t——ters forbid the banns.
Bleſt *Middleſex!* how are thy hundreds ſtor'd
With heads for Juſtice, and for Law ador'd.
See where at *H——k's* H—ll ASTRÆA ſtands,
And impudently holds out both her hands;
Time was they hoodwink'd her for blindman's buff
And put her on a viſage ſtern and gruff,
But now ſhe'h's torn the clout from off her eyes,
And plainly ſees where 'tis her Int'reſt lies,
From thence a tour thro' all her ſons ſhe takes,
And one a Squire, and one a Colonel makes;
A warrant ſtarts ſoon as the ſhilling's ſhewn,
And Judgment's given e'er the cauſe is known.

A *Juſtice* ſomething was amongſt our Sires;
Small are the Qualities ſhe now requires.
The art to ſtir up feuds, not make 'em ceaſe,
And ſworn to *break* much more than *keep* the *Peace*;
Whether well vers'd in *Dalton* here at home,
Or if red hot from *Germany* he come,
Where fond, his loyal folly to declare,
He mounts his prince in rockets thro' the air;
Two elements he preſſes to the royal cauſe,
Britannia's grandeur firſt in flames he draws,
Then plunging in the brine he quits the ſhore,
In waves of naval hiſtory drench'd all o're,
Till mounting upwards, on a n--w B--dge pile,
He riſes in his inſolence and ſtile;
Then laſtly, to proceed by juſt degrees,
H' affronts the houſe, and weeps, and bends his knees.
From ſtews he thrives, from vice his profit ſprings
Thus M----s kept the peace all night at K----g's,
Knew ev'ry ſharper, toaſted ev'ry punk,
And piouſly, for Juſtice' ſake got drunk;
Yet had you ask'd *Old Val*, what he did there,
He'd tell you to reform 'em was his care:
So good Sir *J--n*, whoſe charges load each ſtall
Of *Tower* hill, *Moorfields* and *Scotland* wall,
Each ſummer Eve, in honeſty of ſoul,
Goes to reform the Dames of *Mary's* hole.

Each

Each hath his ſep'rate walk, nor think it ſtrange
Each hath his manor, and each knows his grange;
Where careful clerks their contributions take,
And rich offenders due oblations make.
The Fates to *G——n* gave up *Cle kenwell*,
To *T—n Hackney*, and the *Spittle B—ll*;
Great is the lot aſſign'd to *P——s* ſhare,
Marſhlon's muddy road, and rich *Rag* Fair;
But *Covent* Garden, ſource of growing evil,
And *Weſtminſter*, high-bred, polite and civil,
Are wholly given over to the *D——l*,
For whoſe true worth I ſtand an advocate,
And ſwear him a true friend to Church and State,
Good to the poor——He had proceeded on,
But from behind a weapon fell'd him down.
A hawking ſoldier, long time forc'd to beg,
Had ſuddenly ſnatch'd off his wooden leg,
And took him ſuch a knock upon the ſconce,
As ſtopt his panegyric all at once.
Lye there, quoth he, thou Victim of my rage,
Nor dare with us unequal war to wage:
Twelve years I ſerv'd my country and my king,
And help'd the colours, for your halls, to bring,
'Till lam'd, and then turn'd out, I muſt have ſtarv'd
Had not a *Farthing Poſt* my life preſerv'd.
This *Warrior J——ce*, whom you ſo much praiſe,
Sent me to *Tothill*, where I've lain twelve days;

No ſuſtenance, nor not one bit of bread,
'Till tir'd of earth this Morn I hither fled;
So left a ſtarving ragged wife alive,
And to the pariſh poor ſmall children five;
And ſhall informers, who deſerve a gibbet,
To ſubjects' ruin by low fraud contribute?
No, may a ſpeedy death eaſe all our friends,
At the ſame time that it the *Devil* ſends.
Here will I ſtand, and as he ſhall approach,
I'll be the herald to attend his coach,
And trumpet him around th' infernal coaſt
To the harſh Tune of *Farthing Farthing Poſt*,
So ſaid the hawker, and ſtrait hopt away
To ſell the ſooty K---g the News o'th' day,
Which he no ſooner had began to pore
Upon with ſpectacles, and hum it o'er,
Than thus the fatal paragraph he ſpies,
Whence the convulſions in his ſtate ariſe.
" At's houſe in *B--ſt--t* ——— taken ill laſt night
" —— reſted but badly—— llfe deſpair'd of quite."
O ho! it's ſo, quoth he, the caſe is clear;
I'm ſorry for it, then he'll ſoon be here.
Death promis'd me he wou'd not ſtrike him yet,
But folks in office ſoon their Words forget;
Don *Devil* frequently hath done the ſame,
As I'm inform'd by ſome that lately came,
A Thief that had not half his bus'neſs done,
Was in his bloom of Rog'u'ry cropt too ſoon,

Only

Only becauſe he thought himſelf full ſafe,
And ſtopp'd the uſual perquiſite of *Half.*
Six ſtrapping Dames, juſt now came all agog,
Curſing *Dun Devil,* for a horrid Dog,
'Cauſe after they'd a Month's Indulgence bought,
And as they thought a juſt Deliv'rance wrought,
He ſeiz'd them altogether in a Bed,
Three cl---pt and three in Salivations laid;
Becauſe his Worſhip had been free one Night,
And found himſelf not altogether right:
He'll ruin all our Schemes at this mad rate;
Girls are the chief Supporters of our State,
If thus he lets our Subjects go to wrack,
'Tis time to ſummon his wiſe Worſhip back;
But hey, what Uproar's 'this?—for then the Croud
Drew near the Throne, grew mutinous, and loud;
Each ſtrove to whiſper ſomething in his Ear,
For Courtiers flatter there as well as here;
Not only when they do it for Support,
But when they mount the Bench, and prompt the Court.
Old *Pluto,* willing to compoſe the Feud,
Swore a great Oath, and told them they were rude,
Bade them ſtand back, and ſet the Pleaders forth,
All Men of known Abilities and worth;
Florid as *J*——when he his Periods breaks,
By *Terror* huff'd almoſt before he ſpeaks,

For like that *patient* J——e as I'm a Sinner,
I'll hang ye all before I'll loſe my Dinner.
The court thus ſate, a Council humbly moves,
And in behalf of Death the Sequel proves;
But thrice he hemm'd, in form before he ſpoke,
Then ſtuttering, thus his awful ſilence broke.
May't pleaſe ye, who o'er this black Court perſide,
DEATH is my Client, I'm o'th' Plantiff's ſide;
'Tis for a Bill 'gainſt an impoſtor found,
And is not yet deſcended under ground;
Who tho' a *Man*, in ev'ry weakeſt Part,
Strives to be thought a *Devil* by his art,
And by ſuch falſe pretences and Diſguiſe,
Cheats People ev'n before their very Eyes;
Sometimes his ſchemes the better to advance
He pleads himſelf a refugee of France;
Who for Religion fled, as knowing well
Such Facllacies bear moſt the ſtamp of H——ll;
But notwithſtanding all 'tis full well known
He reigns the Plague and Terror of the town;
So many hang that Death her Empire fears,
For Juſtice more than her the nation clears;
Therefore, at laſt, ſhe doth this wretch attack,
And now has almoſt laid him on his back;
But he diſputes our plaintiff's right and pow'r,
Saying, ſhe never can a De'il devour;
And thus we now appeal unto the court,
That he may come, and take his *Trial* for't.

Up

Up ſtarts a council, and began to plead,
He cou'd not come becauſe he was not dead.

On which the other ſmiles, and ſmartly cries,
This all our want of evidence ſupplies,
And gives my plaintiff's argument full force,
For if he *dies* he muſt be *Man* of courſe;
But he has acted ſo, we cannot ſcan,
By all his actions, if he's *Fiend* or *Man*;
He can't be *Man*, who dreads a trifling hurt,
Or ſhrinks at *Bullets* when he ſees a *Squirt*;
He can't be *Devil*, who all miſchief tries,
And when 'tis o'er, kneels ſorrowful and cries:
And yet 'tis ſo, this very wretch hath don't,
——— Or ask young * *A——ſe*, who can'd him for th' affront;
Therefore, great prince, our Motion we muſt urge,
Humbly ſubmitting unto you as judge,
That he before this preſence may attend,
Allow the bill, or his own cauſe defend;
And this the rather, as 'twill make ye ſport,
For he's, of late, much us'd to ſpeak in court.

My Lord, the other cries, I beg your pardon,
For thus the bus'neſs of the court retarding;
But if't ſhall pleaſe ye, grant me a reply,
My client now doth on his ſick-bed lie,
Which

* Mr. A——ſe G——y.

Which illneſs was, 'tis ſaid, caus'd by a fright
He lately got b' appearing in this light,
When one of his own horrid co-adjutors
Dar'd to abuſe his betters and his tutors;
Vowing, that tho' he ſuffer'd by the laws,
Yet they deſerv'd it moſt who were the cauſe;
That he'd exceeded much his part 'twas true,
But as their god was gain, why not his too?
This ſuch a panic ſtruck, ſo hurt his frame,
It flung him in a burning fev'riſh flame,
As by the urinal in nurſe's hands,
We'll prove whene'er your majeſty commands;
Which too will ſhew, he is no *Fiend*,
But *Man*, and need not therefore here attend.
Old *Pluto* ſmoak'd the matter as it was,
For oft he h'd ſplit in two a knotty cauſe;
And grave as *Snubnoſe*, at a city feaſt,
He roſe, and thus the pleaders all addreſt.

My worthy friends! my brethren of the gown,
Deareſt of all my children that came down,
Thrice muſt I greet ye with my tend'reſt love,
And thanks for all the ſervice done above;
For wrong with right confounded, right with wrong,
For ev'ry brazen front and warbling tongue;
Since theſe to blend, requires the art and pains,
And peoples, more than war, th' infernal plains.

By

By this *Truth*'s loſt in miſt'ry, ſunk in doubt,
So deep, the pious ne'er can grope it out;
For who wou'd cavil, or who'd go to law,
Did not you firſt contrive, then find a flaw:
Large is the hoſt, and they muſt all be fed;
Like prieſts of old, upon the publick bread:
Some ſtudy rules, which others weigh to marr,
And each, as ſuits him, wages wordy war:
To proper provinces your parts confine,
And to adapt their puniſhment be mine.
'Tis want of judgement makes this preſent ſtrife,
And but for this, *Death* wou'd not ſeek his life;
For know, on both ſides a miſtake may lie,
The *Devil* may be return'd, the *Man* may die.
And this I muſt allow, a truſty ſcout,
Who has, for many years, been hence let out;
Now if in *Mortal State* our rules he h's kept,
And has not idly in his office ſlept,
We muſt admit it as a juſt defence,
And 'twou'd be pity then to call him thence:
But if the petty fiends beneath his ſway
Have e'er outdone Him in his own d--d way,
Death then has leave to kick his clay all off,
And turn him down to be our jeſt and ſcoff;
But ſure ſo much our edicts he rever'd,
We'll not condemn him 'till he has been heard;
Come forward Plaintiff, to our throne advance;
Fly you, and throw his carcaſe in a Trance,

And

And bid his ſpirit here attend our will,
Six hours we'll let the world above lie ſtill;
Mean while, that all things may be juſt and fair,
We'll ſeek our dinner and adjourn the bar;
Some truſty officers ſhall buzz around
He's dead, and try how they receive the ſound.
'Twas done as ſaid—ſtrait the pale tyrant goes,
And in a ſleepy draught her ſceptre throws;
Lock'd in cold ſlumber he at length is laid,
His ſervants round him flock, and think him dead.
Hoarſe hawkers thro' th' adjacent purlieus cry,
His epitaph, and mournful elegy;
Each bawd rejoices, and each ſmarting punk,
For joy grows mad, or pioufly gets drunk;
Search Warrants torn, the Ginſhops *Pæans* ſing,
With ſongs of mirth all *Drury* Allies ring;
E'en *B-rd* forgets the grief he felt before,
Shakes all his bolts, and begs a quartern more;
Only dejected the *Informers* ſeem,
And o'er *cold Comfort* ſigh out their eſteem.

Sage *Or—d*, when he hears the fun'ral knell,
Says, Is he gone, poo *Devil!*—but 'tis well,
By Him our *We——r E——s* fell.
In other things he always kept up touch,
and only us'd the *Soldiery* too much;
Folks never cou'd endure thoſe d—d red coats,
But worſe, to ram the ſtatutes down their throats.

'Twas

'Twas well for him the friendly gout ſupplied
What ſenſe and knowledge otherwiſe denied,
And drew him off, or elſe he h'd gone to pot;
Tho' that ſad blunder ne'er can be forgot,
But give him yet his due, he was no fool
But on a occaſion a moſt uſeful tool;
But who has got his place? it brought him clears
As I am told, five hundred pounds a year?
Who is there can ſupply his office, now he's gone?
Is there another *Devil* left in town?
I've done 'tis true, 'tis not the thieves I want
To be deſtroy'd, but the *inhabitant*:
Thoſe who aſſume a ſtrange unuſual name,
And *independence* impudently claim
Howe'er he's gone, and all is over now,
But yet i'll ſwinge 'em, if I can, I vow,

Thro' all the town, the buſy rumour fled
And moſt believ'd him to be *really dead*,
Except thoſe gentlemen who better learn'd,
Have *Reputation* as ſollic'tors earnd;
Who conſtantly about the *Seſſions* ply,
And loſs of ears, and all things elſe, deſy,
Who for a guinea either hang or ſave,
Provided a *good* J—y gives them leave;
Who try all methods, rather than they'll ſtarve,
And get off whippings which themſelves deſerve;

Fees from cold iron raiſe, and cloſely watch
To bilk, or elſe go ſnacks with good *'ſquire Cateh.*
Theſe equally well vers'd in arts below,
The real ſecret of the fiction know.

In tales properiety ſhould ſtill be kept,
Tho' it is ſaid, that *Homer* ſometimes ſlept,
That's not the preſent caſe. *Plato* withdrew
To eat, as many other judges do.
Suppoſe the dinner o'er, the ſerjeants met,
The brief prepar'd, and all in order ſet;
Plato aſcends, the crier his ſtation takes,
And with a voice that *Cerberus* awakes,
Long rolling in the vaulted caverns round,
The hollow and reverberating ſound;
He ſummons the latte culprit to appear,
To be condemn'd or by his *Fiends* ſet clear,
When a returning voice is heard from far,
Rougher than *Ak——n's*---make clear the bar;
Loud as the hideous ſpectre that of Old,
Benighted *Greſham* and his ſhipmates told,
The *Fiends* below were making better room
Againſt the rich *Antonio* ſhou'd come;
Nay, 'tis not good to over-credit fame,
Or ſhe declar'd it was the very ſame;
Howe'er the uſual ceremony paſt,
The *Devil* led unto the Bar at laſt.

All

All mark'd the rich lac'd waiſtcoat that he wore,
The gift of *S*---- *V*---- a fav'rite w——,
The *Fiends* ne'er ſaw but one the like before.
Each ey'd it cloſe, prepar'd the pr ze to ſeize,
Soon as they hear the judgment and decrees:
But when was any one condemn'd ſo dreſt?
Whoe'er a gallows kiſt with ſtar on's breaſt?
Dauntleſs he ſtood, as conſcious of his worth,
And heard the clerk repeat the laſt *ſo forth*.
We'll not repeat th' arraignment word for word,
Let it ſuffice it ſtands upon record.
This done, great *Pluto*, who deſpotic was,
And is not wholly rul'd by earthly laws,
Told good *Dun Devil*, if he hop'd for favour,
Now was his time to ſhew his beſt behaviour;
That he had long eſteem'd him worth regard,
And now wou'd either puniſh or reward.
If therefore any inſtance he'd produce,
That he did never once his pow'r abuſe,
But acted the *ſubſtantial Devil* ſtill,
He ſhou'd be free to ramble at his will;
But if he ſhew'd compunction or remorſe,
Or love of Virtue, which was ten times worſe,
His carcaſe ſhou'd be giv'n a prey to *Death*,
And he to native ſulphur underneath;
For he wou'd ſuffer ne'er a *D--l* in *H--ll*
To wander out, who wou'd i'th' leaſt rebell.

Now then begin, at once, ſays the *Arch Fiend*,
You have full liberty your plea t'amend:
Then give us inſtantly a full account
Of your adventures to the leaſt amount;
From the firſt moment that you quit this place,
Till now this preſent circumſtance we trace.

He ſpoke: and all around the Priſ'ner bow'd,
Not only to the Bench, but to the crowd;
His office wou'd not let him do it on earth,
For there he ſtood on pedigree and birth;
But here his equals were plac'd round about,
And 'twou'd have call'dhis manners much in doubt;
So low he bow'd, he never did but once,
'Twas when Sir *R---t* ſwore, and call'd him dunce.
And then, with aſpect ſtern, he ſilence broke,
And thus his judges, and the court, beſpoke:
(Judges, 'twas now, for *Death* had took his place,
As he had often done with b——n face,
When he would thwart ſome paultry evidence,
And ſhew his grin at leaſt, if not his ſenſe.)

Great Monarch of th' infernal plain,
E'er ſince you firſt enroll'd me in thy train,
If yet I've any other power ſerv'd,
Or from thy dictates in the leaſt have ſwerv'd,
May my right hand its cunning then forget,
And never mark unto a warrant ſet.

When

When firſt you ſent me out to ſcour the world,
Me to *Hibernia*'s iſle my fortune hurld;
From thence, in various ſhapes, I have been threwn,
But the true *Devil* in 'em all have ſhewn.
Turn'd out from *H—ll*, to wander up and down,
My firſt appearance was in D——*n* town;
Where ſoon I found, and to my purpoſe pat;
I ſeiz'd the body of a ſqualling brat;
A Heterogenous *Thing*, begot
Between an *Iriſh* girl and *Hugonot*:
I in my youth ſuch diſpoſitions ſhew'd,
As no one ever thought I ſhould be good;
E'en in my childiſh ſports it ſtood confeſt,
I never let my other playmates reſt
At marbles, caſtletops, or kites, or tau,
I ſoon was maſter of whate'er I ſaw:
I grew up in the road I firſt began,
The ſame an infant, as I am a man;
For ſoon as to maturity I came,
I thought that *Dublin* was no place of fame:
So making free with my dear father's nation,
I chang'd my language and my ſituation;
Spoke broken *French* and better to be fed
Told the grave Dons I for religion fled:
I by good luck had learn'd to read and write,
And that with ſome appearance made me quite,
For I ſollicitor muſt ſtrait commence,
And drew petitions for the ready pence

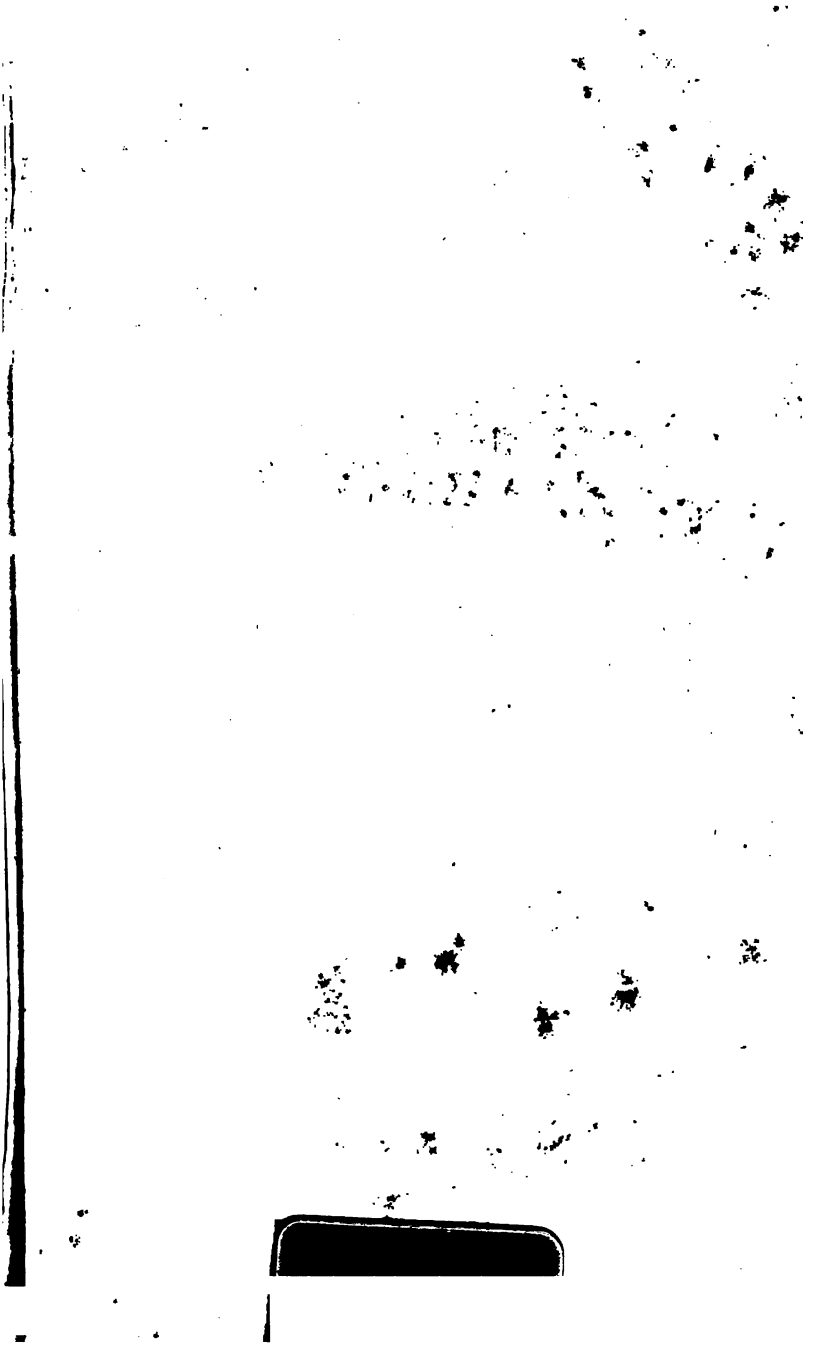
On this I found my bus'neſs flow'd ſo faſt,
I quite forgot all my bad actions paſt,
Set up for an Attorney out of hand,
Took ev'ry cauſe, at nothing made a ſtand;
Like ſeamen of their pow'rs, and not to fail ye,
Sometimes ſollicited at the *Old Bailey*,
Where ſoon I learn'd each trick and quirk of art,
And with the beſt of All cou'd play my part;
Frequenting then a houſe of good repute,
I got a C——p, nay, and a wife to boot.
A noble *L——d*, quite weary of his *Punk*,
Got me one night, and made me dev'liſh drunk,
And told me, if I'd wed this blooming dame,
A *Thouſand Pound* ſhou'd bribe me to the ſame.
I ſtrait conſented, and thus fitted out,
I in the town began to make a rout;
Was an attendant always upon *B——k*,
And ready to go thro' each *dirty Job*;
This brought me mightily into his grace,
And ſoon I was promoted to a place;
And that I might mankind the more perplex,
I got a J——ce made of *M——ſ—x*.
My chariot then I mounted, and from thence,
As *R—b* his pacquets, Warrants did diſpenſe;
Drove up and down, my bus'neſs to promote,
And 'cauſe I always lov'd a ſcarlet coat;

The

The better ſome poor mortals to betray,
They made me *C——l* one Militia Day:
How I have acted in exalted ſtate,
My council once already did relate;
As to the laſt ——— I own the panic fear,
The fatal words from *Culprit B——d* to hear;
I ſtarted at the warrant, and grew pale
When forc'd to write his *Mittimus* to jail;
But tho' this once I faulter'd in the cauſe,
Let my paſt deeds claim favour and applauſe,
And if again you'll truſt me but on Earth,
I'll grow more vig'rous by my *ſecond Birth*;
Shew not the leaſt repentance or remorſe,
That all ſhall ſay, a glimpſe of *H—ll* hath made me
worſe.

He ceas'd, and ſtrait a murmur of applauſe,
Rung round the hall, that he had loſt his cauſe;
Since *Devils* ſhou'd never ſhrink at fear or ſin,
But boldly ſtalk thro' all, both thick and thin.
But *Pluto* ſoon their fading hopes deceiv'd,
And for the following Reaſons him repriev'd.
Says he, this is his firſt crime of remorſe,
And 'twou'd be wrong to vent thus all our force,
And by all ſymptoms I can from him get,
There's not the leaſt regard to virtue yet.

And

And take this for a ſure and certain rule,
The Thief who 'ſcapes the gallows is no fool;
So that this *One Reprieve* can do no ill,
Since we can always call *Him* when we will;
And had we not ſuch *Deputies* to ſend,
Our *Empire*, both on *Earth* and *here* muſt end.

F I N I S.